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The Rale Ould Style

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The Rale Ould Style

Should e'er the Ould Sod be forgot,
Though distant many a mile;
The nate pig-sty, the mud-built cot,
All in the rale ould style.

The rale ould style, me boys
The rale ould style;
Pigs, praties, girls, and gossoons too,
All in the rale old style.

Och hone! the fair colleens to see,
'Twould make a hermit smile—
Their ankles nate, hair flowing free,
All in the rale ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

And at the wake or fair, oh sure,
The hours they would beguile;
Or at a dance they'd welt the flure,
All in the rale ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

And when a faction fight begun,
How sticks flew round the while,
And broken skulls repaid the fun,
All in the real ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

Och, many a ruction I've been in,
In dear Ould Ireland's Isle;
Such fun I'll never have agin,
All in the rale ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

I've got a seam across my head,
I got it at Killfyle,
In a row the night Tim Doyle was wed,
All in the rale ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

Then, here's my fist in yours, Avic,
You're from the same ould sile;
We'll take a dhrop ov whisky-punch,
Made in the rale ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

Let's tache the boys to do things right—
We'll take another "smile,"
And then we'll start a faction fight,
All in the rale ould style.
The rale ould style, &c.

